

"WE ARE GOING TO MAKE AMERICA BETTER"

LOYALTY

DISCUS  
MAXIMUS

MONEY

MAKES THE RE-  
CORDS GO ROUND

H. B. STONES



NOW ON DISPLAY

Radio Station KTAO (FM)  
Program Guide Number  
TWENNITIEIGHIETHME

September **3-9**

1970

( )

95.3 MHz

1/4 Kw

1,900 Fttt

LOOKING FIT, Generalissimo Stalin beams his approval as he stands atop Lenin's tomb to watch a million civilians march by after the military display.



KTAO is licensed to Los Gatos, Calif., and broadcasts almost 24 hours a day with a variety of ethnic, blues, bluegrass, classical, ethnic, and rock, in full, vivid-color stereo. From time to time we schedule a program, which is done in guides like this one, mailed out each week to those who make our beer-and-pin money possible with annual subscriptions of \$15 (reg), \$7.50 (9 month student, poor, or on bail), and \$1 a month for the bankrupt, morally or financially.

Send checks to 5 University Avenue, Los Gatos, California, 95030. If you are a welfare case, you can call us at FLY-by-night 4-4711, or 4-6711, and try to talk us into putting you on our list for free. We just eliminated the last free subscriber from our lists. Or... or did we?

FOO



"TEST TUBE" Stevens, who always lectured them on behavior and concocted strange smells in his compulsory chemistry and physics course.

NOBODY IS PERFECT



KTAO tries to open the door to most anyone beside the management who isn't lug-ging around a fearful statue called Ego and put them on the air and let them, encourage them, even, to play records, especially out of their own collection, or tapes, and occasional brief talks.

It's hard---because for most of us it's easier to go on the air and play a nice raga, or Woody Guthrie talking about dustbowls and railroad bulls (they called them 'bulls,' not 'pigs', then---a more reasonable epithet, it seems) and even some Beatles, rather than think and put together something meaningful and wise and wonderful.

For most of us are still struggling with the magic that comes with there being some 35 people a week going over Ben Lomond, Hayward, and Saratoga from this particular frequency, and we have difficulty mastering the worth of it. The worth of it: in the BBC sense. And there, you have the whole of it: the difference of radio in the English sense---and in the sense of this country, with endless resources to squirt out endlessly into the horizon: forgetting yesterday; not caring too much about the big blue eye of tomorrow.

*The British Broadcasting Corporation: nurturing carefully their few frequencies---Light, Home, Third. Taking such care to see to it that each program is careful, considerate to the ear. And in their high regard for the preciousness of time, seemingly to be careless of it. The voice of the Third Programme: "You've just heard a discussion on Root Farming in the Highlands, with Professor D D Gaelena. (Pause). This is the BBC Third. (Pause) Our next programme, a concert of music by George Dewlap, will be heard in approximately two and three-quarters minutes."*

*And they do it: for almost 3 minutes, there is nothing. Nothing but nothing. As if \$8 million dollars worth of engineers, \$100 million worth of technical equip-*

The other six pages are given over to a meandering stream - of - consciousness monologue by some unnamed writer. The moods range from peevish griping



## REPRINTED FROM HOUSE & GARDEN DECORATING GUIDE

*ment, and infinitely valuable frequency, time, and technology were free to just sit there, creating silence, creating nothing. They do it: that whole crazy monolith called BBC, and the English mind---just sitting there, for an eternity, as if time were free, pouring out the radio carrierfull of nothing. Nothing but the noise of silence. God Save The Queen's Royal Silence.*

Did I ever tell you about the whores called American broadcasters? But of course: you know already. They despoiled the fertile turf we now call AM; they're beginning to put an end to the lush white noise called FM. Teevee: it was gone before it started.

This country is so generous to us; but it is so filled with those piggy greedish clouts called businessmen. Let me tell you how they have rutted through the plush rich land called radio frequency, and how they have seen to it that no man can save it.

Back in the mid-fifties, when speculation came to be the order of the day, and businessmen felt that the sweet golden goose called USA could be caressed and strangled and still go on laying for them forever---they caught on to the fact that broadcasting could be pumped, and plucked, and would never go dry. They discarded an old broadcaster's saw that the worth of a radio station's license was, at most, three or four times the annual gross.

*What these speculators did (speculating, mind you, on the human desire to communicate) was to bid up the price for license and assets of radio stations so that now it costs something like \$500,000 to \$2,000,000 to buy a*



**THE GIRL WHO ATE PEANUTS** and candy all the time in class. She is Nancy Hatfield, one of the married seniors, lives in nearby town.



AM license in any major market---depending on the technical facilities, potential, and gross of the existing licensee. (There is the mythology, forced on broadcasters by a nervous FCC, that they are not really buying a license---rather, they are getting some technical equipment, an option to use a frequency, and a hell of alot of blue sky. But the number of broadcasters who lose their licenses for the crime of turning their stations into gushers is...well...goose-eggs. Some, a few, lose their licenses for other miniscule wrongs---but they can be counted on one hand.)

As I say, starting in the mid-fifties, speculators in the broadcast industry---aided by those terrible media brokers---began to bid up the price of TV & AM stations. And, once they had done that, the new buyers---paying often millions of dollars on future earnings potential---were forced to program grossly; piggishly, as a matter of fact. If you paid a million for a license, payable over 7 years, you would run scared too: and your programming would suffer as you ran hard and fast to make your payments (plus 20 or 30 thousand a year for you to live on).

The great fault lies in the fact that the government---through the aegis of the FCC---permitted broadcasters and other do-nabs to pay such horrendous prices for their facilities. For after the

advent of television, there was a time when broadcasting on radio could have been turned towards peoples minds, and information, and asperations---rahter than the grotesque fortunes of bad men named Storer, and Gordon McLendon, and Walter H Annenberg, and (get this) Gene Autry---hero of the Golden West riding to new fortunes over the corpses of the minds of



**SKELETON** is shown oarsmen by Freshman Coach Gus Eriksen to explain how Conibear evolved theory of "comfortable rowing" after he became coach in 1907. Conibear was killed in 1917 when he fell from a tree while picking fruit.



I have never listened to KTAO, an FM station that manates from Los Gatos, but I am spellbound

listeners, two million strong---now rendered poorer in mind because of what was not given them to hear, to grow on, to see.

O those bad-bad men...with their bad-bad greed. Speculating on our absolute need to communicate. Not being happy with a net return of eight, or ten, or twelve percent: but squeezing thirty and forty percent from their frequencies, drowning us in the slop of their keen greed. So successful in stomping the radio band in their awfulness that they suckered a whole generation of Americans into thinking that highway-frequency robbery was The American Way. Gene Autry, Frank Smith, John Murphy---even the Christly Mormon Church: feeding on ~~men's~~ men's once-hopes ~~to communicate~~ to communicate, to understand. A monster house, a corporate jet and cruiser, and four cars are a lousy substitute for the trampled potential of radio.

Times they are, thank God, going to change. The ignorance of our lives compounded by a stupefied media is just about to rise up and consume us. The enemy has been met and he is us: skies are turning leaden with untrammelled exploitation; garbage is rising up to drown us; our children have discovered the soft turns of the winds of acid, the extended notes of five long leaves. The revolution of taste and desire is pooping up in the most dreadful of all places: namely in the family. A whole generation who doesn't give a goddam for the exploitation of their universe, their desire, their future.

Those poor bastards: they thought they were narcotizing their children to the wonder of the plastic life: and all of a sudden the children turn ogres, bringing home not the bacon but a couple of nervous policemen hanging onto a bag of 'vegetable matter.' It's happening to them all---and they made it happen: Paley and Stanton and Kluge and Goodman and Goldenson---happily mining the eternal golden lode called the american way of broadcasting: and all of a sudden, monsters in the kitchen, freaking out on visions, growing weird costumes, and weirder hair, and the weirdest of all ideas: that the lode should not (maybe) be mined forever; that there is something called (maybe) responsibility for the world of men. They made it happen: and upstairs in the bedroom, or down in the playroom, there's a strange new sweet smell, not unlike burning sugar, telling them that the media, so easily turned to such a great annual profit, has turned up with a special dividend, a strange and wonderful dividend called The Bent Mind, A Weird Trip, Acid Gaposis.

6 And they, the Stantons, the Goldensens, the Hi-Yo-Silvers---made it happen.

IQ

AT HOME WITH BIBLE Mary Lowe (center), a strict Baptist, passes up the prom because she believes dancing is sinful. With her is her sister Billie

O Lord I hope you know that if you asked them, these media barons, asked them about their culpability, they would---they'd have to---plead innocent. The Mormon Church, with their 50 kilowatt am stations, and their giant TV facilities---responsible for a whole generation of juveniles ripping up their minds, throwing up on the plastic, turning to the strange journeys of the within. The Church, and Geo Storer, and ABC, and CBS, and NBC, and the saintly Gordon McLendon in his private jet---they, responsible for this debacle over on the other side of the Grand Canyon we call age?

How

We should refrain from making harsh judgment of a person just because he happens to be a dirty, rotten, no-good son-of-a-bitch!



(left) and her boyfriend, Keith Bailor, a junior who skipped the prom to be with her. Mary hopes someday to be a missionary, preferably in a leper colony.



in hell could those wondrous television commercials of 1955 being fed into six-year-old minds have created the madness of Berkeley, and Kent, and Woodstock, and Altamont? RKO General, ABC, Metro-media responsible for all that: nonsense!

KTAO PROGRAMS FOR  
SEPTEMBER 3-9, 1970

Thursday, September 3

- 11 AM LETTER FROM ENGLAND (from Los Gatos). Last week Michael Scarborough who has been correspondent for the KRAB nebulae stations for five years or so appeared with portmanteau, made a tape for us, and disappeared again.
- 11:30 AUNTY CESE INTERVIEWS: The Furbelow Brothers. Famous for their version of "Adam Cotched Eve by the furbelow," an ancient glee transcribed for electric piano, the Brothers are trying to turn everyone on to the Merkin Problem.
- 2 pm FIVE GREAT FOLKWAYS ALBUMS. Our scheduled music program is being moved from 5 PM (too many commuters, too much smog) to 2 in the afternoon, M-F. Today, part I: Volume 3 of the Anthology of American Folk Music, edited by Harry Smith (FA 2953).
- 6 PM Dwight Freeman and the ole timey jazz show---from his own huge collection.
- 8 PM CREATIVE Sound Hour, from Creative Sound Systems, San Jose.

THE GRILLING starts in earnest, with a light blinding Fritzsche's eyes.



FRIDAY, SEPT 4

11 AM WHY THEY

WANT TO

FLOURIDATE

YOUR WATER.

A rescheduling  
of the commen-  
tary of Dr F B  
Exner, of Seattle.

11:30 WHY THEY WANT TO

FLOURIDATE YOUR

CIVIL RIGHTS. An-  
other phillipic flip  
by Dr. J Gallant.

2 PM FIVE FOLKWAYS ALBUMS: II. A Nōh Play "Kagekiyo"  
and a Kyogen Play "Shiddhōgaku." (Asch 9572)

5 PM ELECTROLYTIC MUSIC from Alfie's Sound Studio of  
San Jose. With echo, ops, rock, and all...

6 PM ELECTROLYTIC MUSIC from the mountains, with the  
25th Century Ensemble with Max Hartstein.

9 pm JEFF MANSON jazz and stuff, from the Cell---a new  
(and different) nightspot in town.

SATURDAY, SET. 5

7 am ALL AND EVERYTHING...by Gurdjieff. Part 25.

7:30 SATURDAY MORNING BAROQUE. 4½ hours, solid, of  
music from low, middle, and high baroque. No  
foolin'...and with B. Wade, too,...

NOON John Hydon plays jazz, until

3 PM Al Knoth does bluegrass, with occasional live  
musicians from Blueridge, Calif.

6 PM Gospel music with Lillie.

7 PM Raucous sounds from Alfies.

8 PM The tender passion of Petaluma: Cammy Root.  
She brings 100 records in her pooped out Volks-  
wagon from Berkeley every week, and suggests that  
any listener who wants to help her put it back  
together (the car, not Petaluma) contact her.

SUNDAY, SEPT 6

7 AM Blues & Claissical & such with Allen Bell.

11 AM DAVID FREEDMAN SAYS: Sunday Talk Show (Quote):

"If you open your legs so much as to decrease  
your height by 1/14 and spread and raise your  
arms so that your middle fingers are on a level

to soaring castigations of businessmen, other  
radio stations and society in general, to reverent and  
loving meditations on the truth, beauty and all-around  
funkiness of radio station KTAO.

presents...



MRS. FORD, the most popular teacher of the  
class, who made her English courses interesting  
and always had time to listen to their problems..



be the center of a circle of which the outspread limbs touch the circumference; and the space between the legs will form an equilateral triangle." (Unquote.) Then: "Call 354-6711."

3 PM H Vernon Buck, the ethnomusicologists answer to Peter, Paul, & Mary, with 3 solid hours of music of HARRY PARTCH, Argentina, and Japan. (Real).

6 PM The Sunday Evening Jazz---with A C Harris (to 10)

# MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

11:00 Old Radio Drama. Some tapes from John Cockroft of Palo Alto. The Haunting Hour: "The Hands of Mr. Smith."

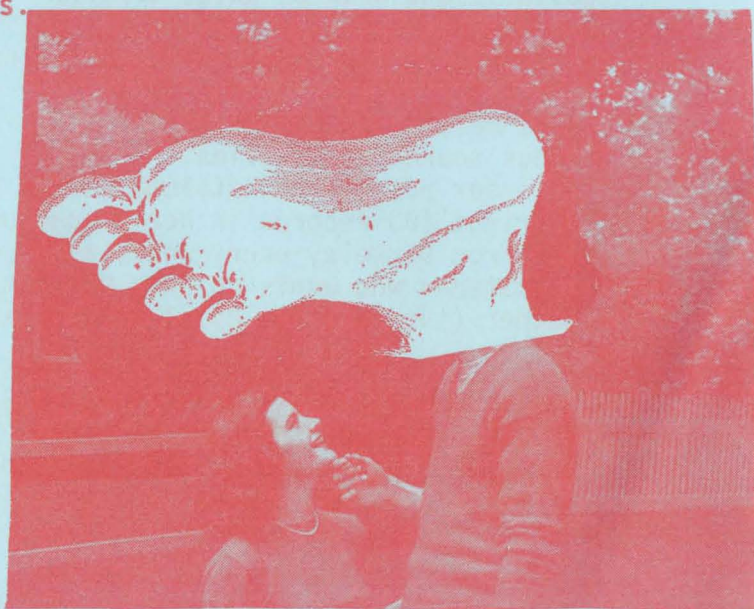
11:30 AUNTY CESE INTERVIEWS. Geo. Wormgear. Inventor of the part named after him, Geo. W., now in retirement in Los Gatos, discloses a new project: a Wormgear-shaped pasta called the gusanopatti.

2 PM FROM FOLKWAYS ALBUMS: III. Music of Indonesia. Sundanese music, and music from Java, Bali, Ambon, and Celebes. (FE 4537) The album contains the famous Ketchak Monkey Dance--- with 78 males of Bali; and the Sundanease Water Music of the tune "Eling, Eling/." A superb album, worth buying: FE 4537.

MDNT Cycles for the Masses. Or, masses for the Cycles.

A special work for engineering and radio station. (Until

2 or 3 or



10

Bob Macke: OS

# TWO GIRLS WHO DIDN'T GO



**TUESDAY  
SEPTEMBER 8**

- 11 AM An inter-  
view with  
Joel Eis.  
11:30 More Old Radio  
from Roger Hill:  
The Great Gilder-  
sleeve.

- 2 PM FOLKWAYS ALBUMS IV:  
Traditional Folk Songs  
from Japan. East & West Japan (FE 4534)

## DRUM MAJORETTE

**WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 9**

- 11 AM THE VOICE OF AMERICA. Richard G. Cushing, de-  
puty director of the VOA, in a gassy speech  
given in the Norfolk Virginia Armed Forces  
Staff College about the voice. (KRAB)  
2 PM FROM FOLKWAYS ALBUMS V: Folk music of the  
USSR---compiled by Henry Cowell (FE 4535)  
9 PM DANCIN' 'N' SINGIN' with Jeff Manson. Each  
Wednesday night, we take you to the Hi-Lite  
Room of the famous Los Gatos Hotel, The  
Court---for dancing and entertainment in the  
modern mode. You friendly leader, Jeff Man-  
son, takes all the girls in hand and leads  
them through the steps of the newest dance  
sensation, "Hash Passion Rock." Tonight,  
interviews in the Psychedelic Bower Powder  
Room, with attorney B. Gorey.



Extra copies of this guide area available at the office  
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one David Moody by name, wants your business, and sup-  
plies the following commercial:



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